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THE

RAKISH HUSBAND'S GARLAND.

TEWKESBURY:

Printed and Sold by S. HARWARD; Sold alſo at his Shops in GLOCESTER and CHELTENHAM; where may be had all Sorts of New and Old Songs; Penny Hiſtories, &c. Wholeſale and Retale. Likewiſe the True Original Daſſy's Elixir, Bateman's Drops, Scotch Pills, and all other Medicines of eſtabliſhed reputation, that are advertiſed in the Weekly Papers.

The RAKISH HUSBAND'S, &c.

YOU gallant beaux of pleasure, observe but what I name,
And make much of your money, or else you are to blame;
And you are a gentleman, a lord, or noble peer,
When you have spent your money, the world will at you jeer.

My father died, and left me five thousand pounds in gold,
And seven houses of my own, the truth I will unfold:
Methought it never would be day, my gold did shine so bright,
And in lewd woman's company I plac'd my chief delight.

At length I fix'd my fancy upon a buxom whore.
And she also pretended that she did me adore,
Five years we liv'd together, I left my loving wife,
I did not give her one farthing for to support her life.

I cloath'd my handsome harlot in gold and jewels bright,
And kept a maid and footman to attend us day and night,

I made my gold and ſilver, like to the chaff to fly,
Obſerve but how my miſtreſs did ſerve me by & by.
I having ſpent my money, and mortgag'd my eſtate,
Then I did find that poverty would quickly be my fate,
One day unto my miſtreſs theſe words I then did ſay,
My dear I find that my eſtate will quickly melt away,
Unleſs that we ſome means do take, and ſoon do think upon,
My whole eſtate is mortgaged, and when the money's gone.
What muſt we do for money, my love? to work we know not how,
She with a frown replied, pray what's the matter now.
My dear, you certainly muſt know the harlot ſhe did ſay,
Before I knew you, I was kept like to a lady gay,
Why do you ſpeak of money? go get it where you will,
I am reſolv'd to be maintain'd in pride and grandeur ſtill.
I ſaid my deareſt jewel, I love you more than life,
You know, that for your ſake I ſlighted babes and wife.
And many thouſands ſpent; but now I plainly ſee,
That I am like to come to want and poverty.
Unleſs we do make better uſe of what we have got left:
Diſmiſs your maid and footman, your buſineſs do yourſelf.
Straitway ſhe fell a weeping, and ſaid, it will not do,
I will inform my mother, that you do ſerve me ſo.

She in the morning riſes, and to her mother goes,
Taking her rings and jewels, her linen and her cloaths,
Her mother came raving, and ſaid, ſon, tell to me,
Why do you uſe my daughter ill? the reaſon let me ſee.

I never did miſuſe her, I to the bawd did ſay:
My whole eſtate is mortgag'd, then of her I did pray,
Her ſervants to turn off, before it was too late,
And ſeek ſome other way to live, ſince I have no eſtate.

Here is three hundred pounds in gold, 'twill put us in a way,
But if I thought your daughter falſe, and would not with me ſtay,
I would go home unto my wife, with what is left in ſtore,
For my ſweet wife and children are much diſtreſs'd and poor.

Dear ſon, then anſwer'd the old bawd, I hope you'll not do ſo;
To live ſo long together, and then from her to go,
Beſides ſhe is with child, which thing will break her heart,
As you have liv'd thus together, I hope you will not part.

You ſay you have three hundred pounds, dear ſon do not deſpair,
And if you will but take my word, I ſolemly declare,
As ſoon as you have ſpent it I will provide you more;
Ne'er think on wife and children, my daughter ſtill adore.

Sure never man was hinder'd by ſuch a filthy whore,
I had no power to leave her, I did her thus adore,
Before three months were gone, my fine three hundred pounds,
Beſides ſome other curious things, I did on her confound.

No ſooner was my money gone, but I to her mother goes,
Demanding of her the ſupplies ſhe did to me propoſe
Says ſhe, I have not wherewithal; ſo now upon my life,
The very beſt thing that you can do, is to go home to your wife.

I ſaid how can you think that I can be entertained now,
That ſcarce have got a coat to wear, a ſtocking, or a ſhoe,
I value not, then ſaid the bawd, what courſe of life you take;
I pray ſend home my daughter, her company forſake.

Then with a heavy heart, I to her daughter goes,
She ſaid, my dear, ne'er mind it, nor grieve at this ſad news;
Come, let us go to bed to night, to-morrow we will go,
For to know of my mother why ſhe does ſerve you ſo.

But when that I was faſt a ſleeping in my bed,
She with my coat and waiſtcoat, and breeches away fled;
But miſſing of my miſtreſs, I ſtraitway then aroſe,
And found ſhe had given me the ſlip, and likewiſe got my cloaths.

Let every lewd gallant, that is inclin'd to ſin,
Think what a ſad condition I at that time was in;
Having no coat, nor breeches, nor ſtockings for to wear,
Nor e'er a penny in the world, I ſolemnly declare.

My wife ſhe lived then not half a mile from town,
I took my blanket from the bed, and wrapp'd myſelf all round;
And barefoot I did trudge, before the morning light
To ſee if I could comfort find, from my dear loving wife.

She then was ſleeping in the bed, when I knock'd at the door,
For to come and let me in, I did of her implore,
She ſaid, is this my huſband, here in this wretched trim?
Yet now I will have pity, though you unkind have been.

She tenderly did ſuccour me, and no reflection made,
My innocent ſweet babes came prattling to my bed,
And ſaid, papa, where have you been? we are glad to ſee you here.
Their ſweet prattle from my eyes did draw full many a tear.

To ſee the harmleſs babes lie weeping by my ſide
And I had not one penny them victuals to provide
The tears from my loving wife did fill my heart with dread;
At laſt a clever project by chance came in my head.

My wife had a brother that was to her a friend
Of him then I begg'd he would ſome money lend

When he came into the room I did his pardon crave,
For being to his ſiſter ſuch a baſe and cruel knave.
I told him, I could find a way to cheat the bawd and whore,
If that he would but cloath me, and lend me guineas ſtore,
Only to grace my pocket, they'll take them for my own,
And when I have the project play'd, the money I'll return.
My brother granted my requeſt, and cloathed me ſtraitway;
He lent me threeſcore guineas, I went without delay,
He ſent his coach and footman, that I might grand appear,
So then in all my grandeur I rode unto my dear.
She ſaid, my mother took your cloaths, that I might bring you new,
I anſwer'd, it was very well, I did believe it true,
I ſaid, my brother he was dead, and had left me his eſtate,
His coach, and his attendants; ſo now both rich and great,
Ill quickly make my jewel, ſince I have fortune found;
But then I firſt muſt aſk you for juſt three hundred pounds,
Her mother fetch'd the money without any delay,
They dreſt themſelves in all their beſt to ride with me ſtraitway.

We drove unto a common that was both long and wide,
Then pulling out my rapier, ye bitches, ſtrip, I cry'd,
And ſhew your naked arſes, as you have made me do,
I left them ne'er a rag to wear, nor ſtocking, no nor ſhoe.

You'd ſplit your ſides with laughter, to ſee theſe whores to run,
Without a rag upon their backs: then to my wife I came,
I gave to her the money, ſhe well improves the ſame,
Let every man know how to love and prize a virtuous dame.

For when a whore doth bring a man to want and poverty,
He ſcarcely then can find a friend, but is forc'd to his wife to fly.

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